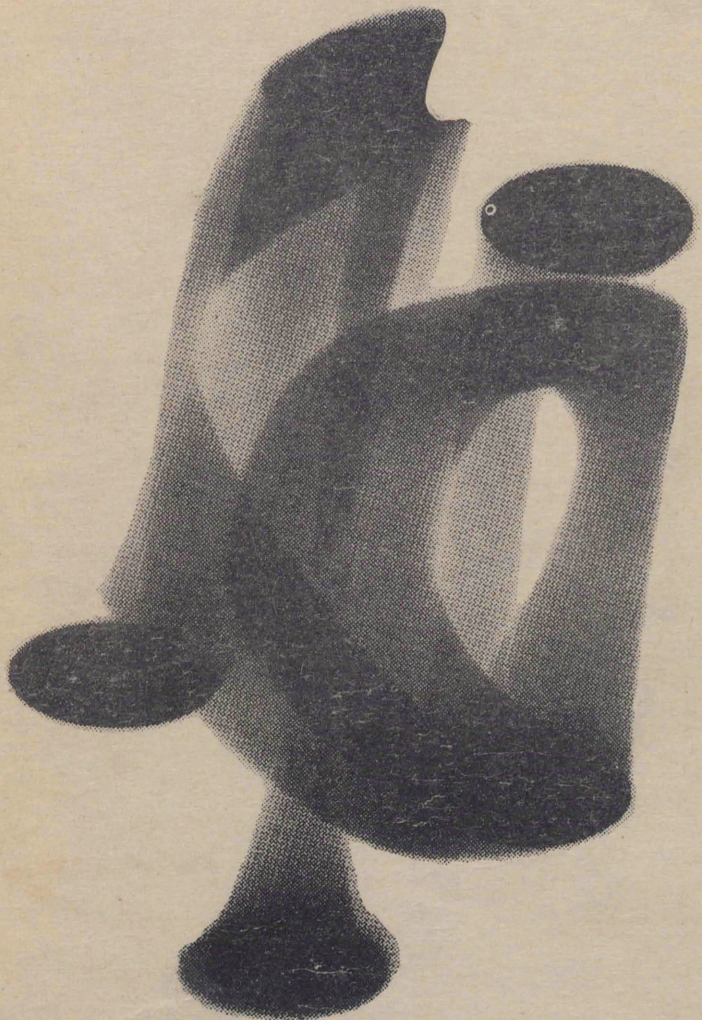
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DECEMBER 1959

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E N D O R

a magazine of the arts

Why?

"Bereft of God and surrounded by h Philistines" is the position the creative artist of today finds himself in. Because of the intellectual climate of our times we realize we cannot reach the majority of the students, nor the minority; in fact very few. We realize these works are not masterpieces by any standards, but we contend their validity is justified by their existence. The college student is not an artist. Talent must be nourished; it must have an outlet. It is the aim of e n d o r to fill this need.

Where?

Now that e n d o r is here where is it going? This will be determined by you. e n d o r depends on two things: contributions and successful sales. There is a good deal of talent on campus which curiously seeks to hide itself. We hope this first issue will stimulate the Lehigh community to take the difficult position of expressing its ideas heretofore held secret.

If circulation is promising e n d o r will go into a quarterly schedule of publication, quality will improve and e n d o r will fullfill the present lack in our university atmosphere. -rvc

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SOME THOUGHTS FOR GOD"S THINKING CHILDREN

When Darwin and contemporaries
Explored the new world of evolution
They came upon the quite mistaken idea that
Only the fittest sould survive and that only
He who could master his brother could gain high goal.

Came Hitler and his perfect race - went Hitler and
His perfect race.

And here is the paradox. Man is not just animal,
And unlike animal he mastered his contemporary
And then lower form, not by strength, but by
Weakness that fostered benevolence. And the
Meek inherited earth.

CHIMERA

Out in a foggy night
Where damp, grey mists
Swirl and climb in and around
The dim silhouettes of trees and things,
A low wind spoke of a mystery eons hence
In another fog where my shadow reached far
Into the darkness from the circle of
Yellow lantern light, and
There I met another self wandering
In the ages after the call of Ishmael

Together we went into those days where
All save the wind was quiet and all the people
Lay in green dust.
And cities were silent in grey
Light of day - of dusty damp noon - and
There were no shadows to sidle up ruins in this height of time,
Or perhaps a depth it was - How should I know more than he?
In misty night we stood without word on a tall
bridge and heard the wind sing in high cables
and play on them like a huge harp hung just
for the wind to play on.
In dim lit dawn we hid in cave-like ruins,
a grand ruin they were, we hid from the eternal
rain of dawn that must ever wash away the fog and
dust of other races.
Into the haze he began to fade saying, "Mark the moral
of these things."

Behold I know a secret
Told in part by a foggy night
When grey mists sweep and
Swirl round in quiet places,
When the wind spoke low and let
On of another self in a foggy
Night eons and eons hence where my shadow reached far out
Into the grey darkness byOnd
The yellow ring of lantern light.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GREGORY SCHYMANSKI
(a biography)

CHILD BORN TO PATERSON FAMILY

Mrs. Gilbert Schymanshy, 243 W. 8th St., today gave birth to a 9 lb. 4 oz. boy in Mercy General Hospital. The hospital reports both mother and child in satisfactory condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Schymansky have decided to call their new son Gregory. He is expected to be baptized Wednesday, February 18, in SS Peter and Paul's Roman Catholic Church.

* * *

SS PETER AND PAUL'S CONFIRM 322

The Most Rev. Thaddeus D. Romano today confirmed 322 children at a solemn high mass in SS Peter and Paul's Roman Catholic Church, Paterson.

Confirmees were:

George Alexander, Marjorie Anseri, Virginia Azzolotti ... Walter Schumach, Barbara Ann Schell, Gregory Schymanski, Albert V. Stott, Henry W. Swadots...

* * *

LOCAL BOY IN THE PHILIPPINES

Cpl. Gregory Schymnaski, son of Mrs. Lene and the late Mr. Gilbert Schymanski, is among the 42 area men stationed in the Philippines with the 414 Armored Division, U. S. A.

Maj. Gen. Arnold E. Myers is commanding officer of the unit which arrived in Manilla last week. The Division is expected to stay on the islands until June.

* * *

MARY JANE BARBERI BETROTHED

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Barberi, 234-B Washington St., Garfield, today announced the engagement of their daughter, Mary Jane, to Gregory Schymansky, Paterson.

The engagement was announced at a party in the home of the betrothed.

Miss Barberi is employed at the Central Box Co., Garfield, as a stenographer. Mr. Schymanshy is with the D&J Service Station, Garfield.

* * *

BARBERI_SCHYMANSKY NUPTUALS HELD

Miss Mary Jane Barberi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Barberi, 234-B Washington St., Garfield, today became the bride of Gregory Schymansky, Paterson, in St Mary of the Virgin Roman Catholic Church, Garfield.

The reception was held in American Legion Hall, Bainbridge-Kobrowski Post, Paterson, for 300 guests.

The bride wore a White organdy...

Mr. Schymansky attended Paterson schools, served with the 414th Armored Division as a Coporal during W. W. II, and is employed at Precision Motors, Inc., Paterson, as a mechanic.

After a honeymoon in Atlantic City, the couple will live at 234-D Washington St., Garfield.

* * *

BOY BORN

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Schymansky are the parents of a 7 lb., 8 oz. boy, Vincent, born yesterday at St. Mary's Hospital, Garfield.

** *

SCHYMANSKI NEW CWV PREXY

Gregory Schymanski, 321 Elm St., East Paterson, was elected Commander of Catholic War Veterans Post 297, St. Catherine's Church, yesterday at the annual meeting.

Outgoing Commander is George Tobias, 21 4th Avenue, East Paterson.

Schymanski and Tobias were feted at a banquet in the CWV Hall, 3654 Paterson Blvd., East Paterson.

* * *

GREGORY SCHMANSKY

Gregory Schmansky of 321 Elm St. East Paterson, died today after a long illness in his home. He was 63.

A native of Paterson, he attended Paterson schools and was assistant foreman at Precision Motors, Inc., Paterson. He served as a Corporal in the Pacific during the Great War.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Mary Jane Barberi Schmansky, a son Vincent, Carrollville, Md.; two daughters, Mrs. Eugene Tobli, Passaic, Mrs. HElen Smith, East Paterson; and two grandchildren.

Services will be held at 2:30 p.m. at the Dobosh Funeral Home, 818 Main St., Paterson. Viewing will be 7-9 p.m. Wednesday.

e n dilworth

The ingenious Professor McGodd
Has offspring excessively odd
In test tubes and breakers,
In booties and sneakers,
To the greater McGlory of Godd.

O for a mechanical brain
That will work in the sum and the rain!
Electronics to lull me,
Statistics to gull me,
And dollars to sing down the drain!

ILLUSION

III

Silvery moon, palely shining
Through the shutters of my room,
Silver bars of light outlining
In the shadow and the gloom.

Shimmering bars of ghostly light
We see but cannot finger,
Like the terrors we sense at night,
With dawn, they cannot linger.

THE MODERN EVE

Their bodies lie pressed to a knotted floor,
Gathering light from the room beneath.
At their side, in the wood made dust,
Rests a standard brace and
Number six bit.
Their gimlet eyes at a peepers-show,
Watch a bathroom princess in a porcelain glow.

Long it did not matter,
Until a serpent, coiled on this
Perennial fate said,
"Ye shall not surely die."
He flirted with her, and from
Fig leaf to modern day cloth,
She blushes.

This modern Eve:
Does she sense their candid eyes?
She, lying on her back and then her belly,
Fondling bubbles like petals of a tree.
She turns to look, but not to see.

michel vide

Yea, though I walk through the valley

I am walking quickly through a greyday by buildings drear. The sidewalk's stained and gritty from a rainfall, now grown stale, and from other painful steps.

Today, for me, is six hours old and groaning into lighter shades, while sleep-crusted eyes, in rooms above, are now surveying and rejecting, opening and closing, closing out from tired minds, my poor, greyday.

In this small street is a painted door, grown hysterically chipped and scarred from the boredom of watching, since Creation, the same yellow hydrant and occasional dogs.

The sound of this street is a sighing door, sound; odd cars, passing, passing, on countless pairs of tubeless tires.

Seek the key, lock, unlock, The stench awaits the opening door then comes rushing, rushing, hand in clammy hand with a darkness that hides orange peels and the urine smell of men and beasts.

Now, six flights of narrow twisting stairs, stairs that long ago fought and broke with their bannister; so; they pursue individual lives to a skylit heaven and having no more to do with one another.

I attain my cell. It is a perfect cube surrounded on five sides by neighbors and on the sixth by a grime glassed, five-foot view of the street I left behind.

I swing up the pane and replace smell of room with smell of street.

I turn my back and sit framed, I lean back, and back, and back, and the street lies whirling, waiting, pretending not to notice my approach.

bruce kirkham

CRAMMING

The book open before him, circled with other's attempted
solutions
The halo of smoke surrounds him as his blood-shot eyes
stare at the meaningless black forms.
The cold coffee in the cracked cup, the rim coated with
spillage.
"It's here. I know it's here.....Somewhere."

FAILURE

The smouldering cigarette with its acrid fumes whose
filter gives lie to the kiss-proof claims;
The two half-empty glasses of domestic champagne bubbling
softly to Gleason;
The faint aroma of Arpege and Top Brass;
"Why?"

r v chapple

D I L E M M A

The hooves are sharp. They mark blood-red amid
swirling dust of dirty feet. He, the down-trodden,
chokes on dust, coughs blood of punctured lungs,
and is spread thin upon the pavement by the herd.

The individual versus corrupt society.
Society of little blobs of protoplasm scurrying
on black, wet, pavement. The tri-celled bodies
of avarice, greed, and pride who trod bumps in their
path into an integral part of the pavement.
These bumps are Man.

Man:- the feeble resolution of two beings -
the Soul and the Existence.
These diametrically opposed factions
are continually at strife. The Soul is the
lonely spirit of Man which strives to rise
above mediocrisy, to find a Truth
and to express it (His search for expression
is a self-analysis to find his own
finiteness). Opposed to the Soul is
Existence ofphysiological and psychological needs.

These are the slavedrivers of Man.
He is forced to feel a need to be loved.
He must associate with hypocrisy
as it is his environment.
People are continually entering His world
with their triviality.
Man becomes the battleground of these forces:
one seeking the freedom of aloneness,
the other driving Him into the midst of
political and social pressures.

Society:- ostensibly the protection of
the individual through a manner of conduct
preventing restraint on any individual's
desires.
Conflict was to be prevented. Possibly due
to the increasing complication of life,
so society no longer looks at itself as a
means to an end but as an end in itself. Society
fears endangerment of its existence
and quickly smooths the bumps which may arise.

Man. Society. the sum total is a dilemma.
What is Man to do in the face of the tyranny
of the majority?
Society:- it must survive; Man is dependent
on its existence. Is society, corrupt though
it may be justifiable? Is the problem resolvable?

In first approaching His plight, Man may
consider withdrawal.
It is His intention to break with the world.
He is revolted and nauseated by what He sees.
He can find nothing but contempt for those
who would prostitute an embrace to the
"bitch-Goddess" of success.

There is no hope in mankind. He is tired.
Tired of the grey smog that obscures even
the fading star.

He turns within Himself. Man must live, if not
with others, then in the presence of others.
He views His existence as a separate entity,
a sphere unrelated to the world.
Walking down the street, He would see not a
face (symbolic of individuals)
but images of other worlds or spheres.

Man is alone. However,

> A day will come when you shall see
> your high things no more, and your
> all too near; and you shall fear
> your exaltation as if it were a
> phantom. In that day you will cry;
> all is false. *

Withdrawal is not the only possible solution.
Man may choose to fight.
He is willing to suffer the wrongs of the
world in order to point the way. This Man does
not view the one but the whole.
He is still able to see the fading star.
Pindar's nurse of hope is the force which eggs
him on to futility and destruction. He may
choose any weapon at hand but it is as David
facing the Philistines.

as an alternative, Man may compromise seeking
neither complete introversion nor sending the
Furies to purge mankind.

see DILEMMA page 26

* : Thus Spake Zarathustra
Nietzche

bruce snyder

TWO SONNETS

When in stark silence at the twilight still
Stands all the world as oft before a storm,
And like a blanket bleak October chill
Decends upon the world's soft weeping form;
When once-green boughs despondent cease to shake,
And naked trees like outcasts stand to die;
When lifeless sere brown leaves no longer quake
Then in dejection silently stand I
And view the earth of garments now stripped bare
As is my breast of all emotion here;
In sympathy should I weep for the fair
Now lost and for Dame's death should shed a tear.
But grief is quite bereft of one as I
Who, dying, cannot mourn for those who die.

How often have I gazed upon this earth
And viewed with doleful eyes the budding spring
When to my ears the gentle sound of mirth
Came like a bell and made my heart to sing
For but a moment's length; then rapture fled
And to my mind appeared the wintry cold
Of blasting winds; now life for me is dead
And my young soul is grown untimely old
With visions void of spring's delights when gay,
Rich, full-blown buds perfume the sweet warm air.
Now see I only portraits of decay
Which fill my heart with cruel chill despair:
Though Nature will her palace new adorn -
Still, who am I that hope to be reborn?

brian skyrms

THOUGHTS

When I get shitfaced
drunk, that is
Sometimes I feel
like
Dionysius
And sometimes like
Jesus Christ
And sometimes like
Rudolf Carnap
What a hell of a combination.

The other night at the Mexican Azteca Club
I saw a girl who bubbled
over
like a spirit of fun
She made everyone with her happy
She was like
a sort of
saint of party girls.

Later, when she was sitting at her table
alone
while people were dan
Her eyes were wet, almost crying

And I saw that there were small lines in her face
And that she was older than she had first appeared
And that she knew that life isn't always
a party
But sometimes
a
quiet tragedy.

henry enberg

MOMENTS

I was walking and I was at the top of a hill, looking down to where the streetlights began and across to the other row of lights climbing the tops of nearby hills and far hills and the jewels displayed for me at the bottem of my hill. It was my hill because I alone could see it. The time was three was four was now and I was walking down toward the lights that I hate.

Getting to the top of the hill was effort and pleasure and

"Do you want a lift, son?"

"No, thanks"

Getting to the top of the hill was... but I was at the top and walking down. There is no sidewalk here, they grow from light standards and I walk best without them. Without a sidewalk, you're alone and safe, no New York conversations:

"This morning..."

"What?"

"You wanna watch this..."

For it's a clean town, here, with no sidewalks and no darking lights. I keep walking down.

It's so alone at three four now in the morning. The only lights are in the distance above streets you cannot see. You walk alone for ten minutes, the only movement a car against you, going to another town with streetlights and sidewalks like the one you must enter.

Cliches come with sidewalks, the news-dealer's truck, the four drunks:

"What ya doin', kid?"

"Just walking."

"Keep warm."

the man going the other way with the fanatic gleam, the parked cabs, the hair ruffling dispatcher...and fewer distant lights.

You were below the hill. Three lights you could see. Only three still thought themselves stars and not captive moons. The left side of a milk truck blinked ononoffonon and you went home. Ahead of you, streetlights lit empty pavement, behind you streetlights lit empty pavement, and above you...

STEEL SPECTRUM

OF - red of iron HARD GRAY,
black of coal GLOWING RED,
clear water SALT GREEN -
SMELT saddest yellow:
touchstone's child and father of
LIVING RED.

"It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast"

Clarendon

The Menu

TOMATO COCKTAIL

CREAMED POTATOES AND

FRESH CARROTS

SALAD PLATE

PICKLES

ROLLS

ICE CREAM AND CAKE

TEA AND COFFEE

"A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings."

SHAKESPEARE

"Then He Will Talk,
Ye Gods! How He Will Talk."

The Programme

SING-SONG
Led by Rev. Mr. Gregory

TOAST TO THE KING
By Charles Complin

GOD SAVE THE KING

VIOLIN SOLO . . . Mr. Walter Snider

TOAST TO THE CHURCH
By Miss D. Schauffler, Rev. Mr. McVittie

VOCAL Mrs. White

READING . . . Miss Betty Smith

ADDRESS . . . Rev. Mr. Stewart
Message to Youth

VOCAL Mr. Bob Wagstaff

PIANO DUET Miss Edith McNally
Mr. Horace Snyder

AULD LANG SYNE

"The Feast is Ended, the Tales are Told,
The Dawn is Overdue."

jane s liechty

SONG - Dirge for a Disillusioned World - 1958

At the smug,
Presumptive self-sufficiency of its
Fireside,
America waits on Christmas Eve.
A switch is touched, and
Artificial candles of happiness
Illuminate the gloom of many lives.
In the twinkling depths
Of obsidian skies above,
A man-made Star circles
Over Bethlehem -
Pennsylvania.
The song of the angels
Descends to the listening earth -
An intermittant, solitary,
Melancholy,
Cool and passionless, ten-second
BEEP.

THE PRINCE OF HELL

The prince of hell transcends description.
As the pride which challenged omnipotence is high,
So is he who fell nine days and nights.
As death which rules mortality is strong,
So is strong the prince of hell, death's father.
As sin which enters godhead's mind upon a peak is wise,
So is the prince of hell who stands with sin.
 Though glorious as first among angels,
 He fell forever.
I am low as the slime of sidewalk sin is low.
I am weak as pride without full cause is weak.
I am dumb as he who sees but death must be.
 Least glorious among the race of men
 I can yet rise.

TO MY LOWE

I never thought mere love could cut my heart
Until I saw your sweet, sharp-pleasing face
That justifies this killing human race,
That's beautiful without man's sterile art.
Kindness to strangers seemed your highest part,
Favoring mortals with your grudging nod,
Yourself a pure-souled, bending, smiling god,
You peirced my soul with gleaming, aching dart.

Now I redress the weakness of my soul,
In its weak flesh I force the sharpened blade
As blood-soaked knife I clutch in hiding glove.
Though your dead form burns eyes like glowing coal,
Though the world kills me for the death I made,
I've shown the last degree of purest love.

Through compromise He would conform to the
appearances of society but find the reality
he so desperately searches for within himself.

Why do anythin at all?
It is possible there is no Truth; that
appearance or "seeming" is the only reality.
The reality of life itself is questionable.
The Man or Outsider finds the world to be
unreal more often than not.
This sickness, as it may be called, is of
vision. The world takes on an unreal aspect.
He finds his soul trapped within
a naked lightbulb from which the world passes
wunder in pantomime. The figures are transparent
like cellophane, which superimposes on
one another into a blur of images. Nothing is
distinct. Nothing intelligible.
He is aware of a vague nausea, a sickness of being
trapped in dust.
the nausea is not physical. It is diffused
in the air. It surrounds him.

There may well be no reality; no Truth beyond
the empirical world. Once transcending the
physical to the spiritual, reality becomes
relative to idea and situation.
Seeming becomes the only reality. Man may
reject the piece of gold
which buys the soul at the prevailing rate.
He may renounce the thin veneer of virtue
society paints.
He may even refuse to make the pilgrimage
each Sunday to Church for a fix.

He negates the seven sins believing he now
holds the positive Truth in his hand.
He clutches it to him. He opens his hand...
and finds nothing.

Once again the sense of futility. Where is the
true realization?

Perhaps the conflict lies not between Man and
society but within Man Himself.
He must first resolve himself before attempting
to find his relationship to society.
Our first evaluation of Man seems shallow upon
further analysis.
He cannot be simply divided into two personalities.
The contradiction Man finds within Himself
is complex not simple.
Every action is an "I" asserting itself. Man
is a fabric of countless threads. His unity
is a chaos of thought which forms patterns
that He arbitrarily classifies as
"Soul" or "Existence".

The contradiction evolves into a search for
freedom--freedom from the Existence to the Soul.
He finds the bourgeois life could well be
replaced by automation.
The mechanical "coolie labour" of sitting
behind desks filling out forms in triplicate
or making social conversations on polite nothings
rub against the grain of the outsider.
He sees the shallowness, the waste,
the awful ambiguity grinning over it all.

To attain freedom He searches out the bourgeois
needs in His life and effects a transvaluation.
Emotion in thinking is to be eliminated.

It causes a fixation of the mind according to the emotional need of the moment.
Upon analysis He finds the intellect to be closely associated as a subordinate function of emotion.
Mind is to be made superior to the heart.
However intellect is not entirely free of shadow because mankind is not great enough to percieve which controls in a rationalization- emotion or intellect. Therefore the supreme force must be will. Will controls emotion through intellect.

The exercising of will as the supreme force places Man above Mankind who are trapped in the maelstrom of emotion.
The will of Man is in control of a supreme order with which He is in a position to criticize the chaos of life surrounding Him.
His own order has been preceded by descent into utter chaos.
His own world and that of his environment had lost all values. There was nothing.

I walked tonight; not on the sodden grass
But on the elusive fog that played at my feet.
I walked through their cities and did not see them.
I walked throughHis forests and did not see Him.
I walked through my life and saw nought,
But the elusive fog that played at my feet. *

This nothingness the Outsider feels is so complete that in L'Etranger by Albert Camus, Mr. Meurdault says,
"Mother died today. Or maybe yesterday. I can't be sure."

* : r v chapple

From this nothingness and chaos Man found order through discipline mankind lacks in his hedonistic approach to life. The discipline is will power.

Man is in control within. Chaos still prevails without. Since He must "live in the presence of others", the Outsider is once again faced with resolving his conflict with society.

Survival is the question. His main concern is that His environment gives Him no satisfaction. He is frustrated because the world cannot meet the demands of the uman spirit.
His relations with the world are almost wholly negative but for a few brief moments of spiritual satisfaction. He finds his salvation in extremes.

Human triviality:- the "ring around the Mulberry bush" existence is the deadliest enemy of Man. The Outsider finds Mankind's life a routine, a groove in which man resolves around a status symbol.
In the final analysis Man finds He must accept some sort of routine.
The best He can say is He travels in an ellipse, not a circle. He treats life as an experience of sensations from which He finds visions of self expression. Man may descend to the slime of the gutter or ascend to the lofts of idealism. From each He searches for a particle of essence of His nature and life.
Material gathered for his essence is actually the same essence dremmed of by mankind. Thus the Outsider's position in the world, as viewed by the bourgeois, is an impractical dreamer.

Nevertheless, the extensiveness of His character
and visions are elan vital of the bourgeois.
Man has risen far above the mediocrisy of others.
He, who knows the beauty of a moment of Truth,
the despair of self-negation, who abhors social
virtue, and the practical way, is enmeshed
by the bourgeois from which He cannot escape.
He, a critic of life through His own self-
fertilization, forces the bourgeois to prosper.

In their attempts to smooth the bumps caused
by His visions of Truth, mediocrisy raises its
level slightly to placate the masses.

Man. Society. The sum total is a dilemma.
Tyranny of the masses still prevails.
Man still chokes on dust.

Society survives by its own seemingness.
Man survives by turning within to self-realization.
Common solution:- know one's own finiteness.

L'homme qui est miserable, ilest donc
miserable puis qu'il est. Mail ilest
b bien grand, puis qu'il le connais.

-Pascal

jacques prevert

PATER NOSTER

Our father who art in heaven
Stay there
And we will stay on earth
Which is sometimes so pretty
With her mysteries of New York
And then her mysteries of paris
Which are well worth as much as those of the Trinity
With the little canal of the Ourcq
The great wall of China
The river of Morlaix
The stupidities of Cambria
With the Pacific Ocean
And the two fountains in the Tuleries
With her good children and bad subjects
With all the marvels of the world
Which are there
Simply on the Earth
Offered to all the world
Scattered
Astonishing themselves to be such marvels
And which don't care to avow themselves
Like a pretty naked girl who dares not show herself
With the appalling woes of the world
Which are legion
With their executioners
With the masters of the world
The masters with their priests
Their traitors and their
soldiers
With the seasons
With the years
With prettyggirls and old fools
With the straw of misery rotting
In the steel of cannons...

ALICANTE

An orange on the table
Your dress on the carpet
And you in my bed
Soft presence of the present
Cool of the night
Heat of my life.

FOR YOU MY LOVE

I went to the bird market
And I bought some birds
For you
My love
I went to the steel-monger
And I bought links
Of heavy chains
For you
My love
And then I went to the slave market
And I looked for you
But I didn't find you
My love.

BREAKFAST

He put the coffee
In the cup
He put the milk
In the cup of coffee
He put the sugar
In the 'cafe au lait'
With the little spoon
He stirred it
He drank the 'cafe au lait'
He put the cup down
Without speaking to me
He lit
A cigarette
Blew smoke rings
With the smoke
He put the ashes
In the ashtray
Without speaking to me
Without looking at me
He got up
He put
His hat on his head
He put
On his rsincoat
Because it was raining
And he left
In the rain
Without a word
Without looking at me
And I
Buried my face in my hands
And I cried

b cook

SONG OF BIRTH

Silence! Infinitesimal quietude of the
falling leaf. The pregnant pulsating
power of life's breath, etching with velvet
point its labyrinthian form against
the vacuous sky. Rising phallic-form
piercing night's slumber,
reaching beyond the green-black hair of the
earth's warm thigh engendering a
forgotten race from heaven's omnific
silence. Beasts plunge and pillage at this
sign, leaving excrement to fertilize this
vegetative growth. Then, from out of the
darkness, man limps. A leaf flutters
and falls. Ripples, born of silent touch,
dwindle in concentric infinities
dying-dying-but never die. I slide from
blackness into day, light shatters my retreat,
but I cannot see.
Wrinkled, contorted, inflamed, my
withered body reverts to its maker.
But the womb is shut!

This is a story, a fantasy of life,
a piece of human toil and sweat.
Born in the still silence of the womb's
retreat. Life throbbing in the catacomb of
life, soul-breathed, umbilical-fed of
another's life, prayerful in its silence to
that unseen breath that said let there
be life and there was life. Now a soul,
insensiate, alive-not alive, form of the
unformed, king of beasts without a mind.
Sing! Sing to that which gave you life.
Why do you hide your eyes? Why do you
huddle there, cacoon-like?
What is there to fear if you should
burst from this sacred tabernacle of
silence, of peace, of security? Erupt
through this gothic arch, entrance of soul
engendering seed. Break forth that the
power of the unseen may be adored.
Paradox of paradox that the retreat should
end, the silence stop, the prayer cease
before adoration can be given.
Yet even so. This the beginning, this
the end. Retreat in birth, but wanders
still the soul over every cataract of
life's hypothesis; seeking like Ulysses
the home of wanderers, the silence,
the peace...in death retreat.

Growth in decay begins. Hands cling
unseeing to the udders of life. Lips curl
sucking to draw the warm fluid. Senses
tingle unremembered to the vibrant
tenseness of this transubstantiation.
Oh, that this communion should find recall!
To feel the milk ooze over the tongue,
hot as warm breath down the throat.
To touch again the pulsating throb within

the breasts, quivering like blown grass
before the snow. To lie embedded on the
soft blanket of skin, immersing with the
dew sweat of youth the earth' of life's
begotten. Complete communion. The
feast of the new-born! Engendered within
the tabernacle of the womb -
transubstantiated; sustained with the
syrupy contents of the chalice-breast -
substantiated. Flesh of flesh begotten,
fountain of life.

Eyes open to sight watching. Strange
colored dots that dance to the wonderment
of pink moving flesh. Hands clutching
furiously at the untouchable air
while laughing teeth shout gargled sounds of
encouragement. Fierce cries erupt in
beast-like frenzy seeking to know what
is not known and all the while hands wave
joyfully, laughter rings above -
playing with the tortured fear of a
frightened child. Helpless, this fat
twisting pink thing shudders before the
colored spectrums that sway menacingly
over it like grotesque phantoms that lurch
in frantic colors on circus paths.
And then all is lost in a watery film
that swells upon the eyes, and colors
swim commingled with cries til silence comes.
And faint voices dwindle as arms and
legs roll close to find again the lost
sanctuary where silence lived, where
warm folds of skin concealed the
torture of the light.

jane s liechty

DAWN

The streetlights wink on
Late in the summer evening,
Sending butter-colored pools of light
Splashing onto the dark
Macadam streets beneath
Their green-painted feet.
The city lights flash darkly
As I walk the deserted, rain-wet
Streets, alone.
The river noises hum below me.
The cables of the great steel bridge
Creak and pull in the constant strain
Of elements and traffic.
God watches above;
And the city sleeps below us.
The night is softly,
Slowly,
Ending.
The city begins to wake,
And gently bestir itself to life.
The feeble, ineffective light
Of the streetlamps
Glows dully against the dawn.

LOVE

a hand touched me
her thigh pressed
her voice spoke... "i love you"

my hand returned the touch
my thigh pressed against
a voice spoke... "i love you"

a hand
her thigh
her voice a body

my hand
my thigh
a voice a body
t
two bodies
two souls
two existences

one body united in flesh
one existence united in time
two souls alone...

abby jayne

ON ANY STREET

I, am a lonely people...
one
I, am a lonely people...
wandering
I, am a lonely people...
searching

I am me
unity

We, are a lonely people...
many
We, are a lonely people...
looking
We, are a lonely people...
confused

We are the multitudes
unity

One would scarcely have any passions if one never flattered oneself.

* * *

There are people who would never have been in love if they had never heard of love.

* * *

When the vices leave us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who leave them.

* * *

To be in too great a hurry to repay an obligation is a kind of ingratitude.

* * *

There are some mean people who would be less dangerous if they possessed no kindness at all.

* * *

We often forgive those who bore us, but we cannot forgive those whom we bore.

* * *

If there are mem whose silliness has never appeared, it's because it hasn't been looked for.

- Stephen Condon, translator

jane s liechty

ON HEARING RAVEL'S PAVANNE FOR A DEAD PRINCESS

Pyramid of pink granite waiting
for dark hair and transluscent skin;
semicircles of satin:
coal lashes on waxen artificial cheeks.
Borne upon the shoulders of
six strong men, heads bowed,
uncaring care lightly traced on
mouth and eye.
Thoughtlessly concerned throngs
the brick avenue, abjectly tossing
flowers on the soiled
stone, to be crushed.
Somewhere in the crowd, an
honest tear.
White silk shrouded, gold
and lapis lasuli encrusted,
laquered, decorated open coffin
quietly proceeds.
Followed by a foreigner,
bereft of a love promised
but never known; head and eyes
lowered in decorous grief.
Memories of gentle water, proffered
flowers in ivory fingers.
Priests chant nasally grieving,
shaven heads, oil-anointed, dully
glistening in the torturing light,
which gilds the afternoon in melted butter.
Bitter in a mouth which tasted wine,
laughed the farce of the white shroud.

Christmas is a-coming
and the geese are getting fat.
Please to put a penny in
an old man's hat.
If you haven't got a penny
then a ha'penny will do
If you havent got a ha'penny,
then God Bless You.

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